

Is That Not Enough?

There is hollowness in words
Spoken, yet not heard.
The numbness comes by itself
and knows to stay awhile.

We can't seem to go forward.
Are we friends just friends?
Not strangers, nor lovers.
We are what we were, of late.

And tomorrow, like all yesterdays
No different, yet much the same.
Will anything change? Probably not!
For we are just friends, is that not enough?